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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Mr. Irving's Farewell Interviews and Dinners—What he Told the Reporters—His Opinion of the Future of the American Dramatist—How it was Received by Our Managers—Rosenfeld's Piece, A Possible Case—A Social Anomaly Farcically Treated—Alfred Evelyn in Town Again—His Theatrical Sentimentality and Pedantic Priggishness—Comment on Several Other Pertinent Topics.

Mr. Henry Irving stopped acting on Saturday night last, took a long breath, and braced himself for the farewell interviews and dinners.

Up rose the reporter, who takes his hat in his hand, and representing the American people, asks Mr. Irving if he can't give us a few words of encouragement before he goes.

"Do you think," said this reporter, "that the playgoers of New York are apt to appreciate good acting?"

Of course this is a vital question that New York has waited a long time to have such an authority as Mr. Irving decide.

Mr. Irving is reported to have said with due solemnity and judicial fairness:

"Most assuredly. Take Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle."

What he meant to have said was, "Take Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle and my Faust." But somebody else had said that for him, so he only got as near to it as this: "It is a remarkable characteristic of American playgoers that they will grow so attached to an individual performance of peculiar fascination, without any reference to its surroundings, that it becomes a household word to them."

This is sapient and sounds subtle. But the fact is it is shallow.

In the first place it isn't remarkable if they did, and in the second place they don't. Thirdly, Mr. Irving's hope that an "individual performance" of peculiar fascination without any "reference to its surroundings," will become a household word, is fallacious in his case, because he never does anything without reference to surroundings, and couldn't if he wanted to.

Then the reporter, wishing to settle once for all the prospective status of the American stage, asked, "What in your opinion is to be the future of the American playwright?"

Mr. Irving's reply is thrilling in its import. After deliberating a few moments he said: "I don't for a moment suppose that America will not develop a purely national drama!"

There was an instant of intense silence. Some of the bystanders turned away their faces to conceal their emotions. The reporter wiped the water from his eyes. The general feeling was that the strain had been removed from the country. Several representative men of the drama grasped Mr. Irving's hand and wrung it in silence. Their grip was more eloquent than words.

The decision was carried on speedy wings all over town. It was reported to Mr. A. M. Palmer at the Madison Square within an hour by a glad herald: "Mr. Irving don't suppose that America will not develop a national drama!"

Mr. Palmer's head sank upon his breast, and he murmured a low, heartfelt, "God bless Mr. Irving."

Mr. Augustin Daly did not wait for rumor. He sent out to know if Mr. Irving had said anything recently that improved the condition of the stage. When told what Mr. Irving had said, he remarked, "What is the reason that none of our actors ever rise to this intellectual height and say things that will live forever?"

There is no means of estimating the influence of Mr. Irving's statement upon the thought of the country, but as the thought of the country depends in a certain extent upon what Mr. Irving says, we may be sure that his speech will effect a quiet revolution.

It was a happy coincidence that Mr. Irving should inform us what he didn't suppose would not just at the time that the American dramatist, Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, was producing his Possible Case, which is the most aggravatingly American thing that has ever been seen here.

Of course it is not supposable that there was any collusion between Mr. Irving and Mr. Rosenfeld, and Mr. Irving's far-reaching remark that he don't suppose that America will not develop a national drama—only proves how intuitively correct he is, when it so happens that Mr. Rosenfeld is actually producing the national drama at that very moment.

Nobody but an American could write a play on the divorce laws, because nobody but an American has got the divorce laws to write it on.

But let me not try to imitate in my feeble way the resounding philosophy of Mr. Irving. Mr. Rosenfeld, no less than Mr. Hill, met with disaster on the production of their new play. It was burnt out of house and home. To have to go to Williamsburg to see the coming national dramatist takes the edge off the event that should have been metropolitan.

The American dramatist no less than his play depends upon the point of sight.

In estimating the worth of his play, aside from its popular success, it will be generally conceded, I think, that the literary value is more pronounced than the dramatic. The dialogue is bright, and at times genuinely witty, without ever resorting to burlesque devices or double meanings. But the crises are

The acting in it is episodically good. Nearly all the players have spurts of success, and nothing so unerringly shows the farce character of the work as the difficulty of making anything like a sustained characterization in it.

Miss Genevieve Lytton, although accepted on the first night in the farcical comedy scenes by the audience—probably on account of her personal appearance—was not really so good in those scenes as she was in the bits of sentiment with Lawrence Gould. If this woman should play Galatea she would realize Gilbert's ideal. In farce she is incapable of the *esprit* that alone makes farce enjoyable. Her sumptuous beauty and her magnificent dresses helped very much to overcome the difficulties of a part that makes a woman marry three men and then try to be serious over her own predicament.

The women in this play all did their work admirably. Miss Daisy Door was especially

As for Mather her Juliet at Niblo's Garden no longer had the flavor it once had. She did a lot of things in it that I did not fancy. It was like a Chicago criticism: that is, more cussed than capable.

Mather is a woman of undoubted natural ability, as full of passion as a chestnut is full of indigestion; but she needs a curb, not a spur. To see her now is to see her wonderful capacity as a go-as-you-please actress. There are some reminiscences of training in her work, but there is more suggestion of audacity in her.

It is a great thing for some actresses to be suppressed, but they must have a suppresser. You never heard of one suppressing herself.

I ought to mention that Alfred Evelyn came to town during the week, too. You know Alfred of old. What a jolly fraud he is, isn't he? He masquerades sometimes as Claude Melnotte, and occasionally as Richelieu, but

forever of its Summer, comes to you with a careless lip and says, 'Let us part friends.' Go, go, Clara, and be happy if you can."

Says Clara: "Cruel, cruel to the last! Heaven forgive you, Alfred."

This is the fellow who has just convinced Clara that he is going to marry another girl, and the moment Clara is out of his sight he says:

"Soft, let me recall her words, her tones, her works. How far did my bombast work on her? Have I been the rash slave of my own infernal vanity and impudence? But slow, I have made my choice. Let me go on with my sentiment and see-saw."

Alfred has no more idea of what a conscientious gentleman would do than has Claude Melnotte. But these fellows think that the effective thing is always the noblest. But it isn't. The noblest thing is sometimes the quietest and most untheatrical. Men even in Richelieu's day did not go round distributing the curse of Rome out of doors on their enemies in order to get up a tableau.

But Alfred has posed for forty years or ever since that gifted prig, Mr. Macready, set him up as a romantic hero. I confess that to the cool discernment of our day he is very hollow and resonant. Paul Kauvar is a great advance from Bulwer's starting point. He's the same fellow, but much solidified and expanded.

Osmond Tearle plays Alfred well; therefore his Alfred isn't good. To make Alfred good he shouldn't be played as he is. Lester Wallack's Alfred was a good deal better fellow than Bulwer's. So it wasn't correct.

Alfred is a pedantic, vain-glorious prig, who wants to marry one woman and promises to marry another, and wastes a deal of heart-sore rhetoric over it, and ends by deceiving the woman he has promised, and taking up with the woman who has refused him. But to hear him spout over himself you'd think that he was the only straightforward saint in the world. His contempt for money is a mock heroic sort of spite, and you can't help feeling that it is meant to tickle the fellows who haven't any and can't earn any. His sweetheart refuses him because he is poor, and rejects him because he becomes rich. Then she comes to him because he is poor, and marries him when she finds that he isn't. NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—I have seen The Possible Case again. My opinions have not changed, but the play appeared to be a go with the public. It kept them in a roar of laughter, and that is a verdict that cannot be set aside.

Mr. Steele Mackaye closes up on Saturday night with a benefit.

I'd like to say something about the career of Paul Kauvar at the Standard—it is an eventful history—but I haven't room.

The Howard Athenaeum variety show at the Star, has proved a most popular entertainment. There are one or two objectionable spots in it—as when May Irwin gives an imitation of a street debauchee insulting a lady. But as variety shows go it is remarkably free from the ham-fat grovel and gives in succession, every form of which is called protean talent.

I see Barnay has fallen out with Conried, and Conried says I killed the business. "You went and told the American public Barnay was good," he says. "I was trying to keep it dark and was doing a good business," he added reproachfully. "There ought to be a law against such interference with a manager's private affairs."

P. S. No. 2. Irving has gone. N. C.

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C. F. R. Hayward, managing editor of the Denver Republican, and one of the best known and most competent theatrical critics in the West, died last week in that city, of pneumonia, after a week's illness. The Republican says that "it was specially in dramatic criticism that he distinguished himself. As a dramatic critic he had few equals and no superior in the United States. He was personally known to many members of the theatrical profession, to whom his death will be a personal bereavement." Mr. Hayward was only thirty years old at the time of his death. He leaves a young wife and an army of friends to mourn his untimely demise.



MARTIN W. HANLEY.

necessarily weakened by the playwright's treatment of so difficult a theme as the anomalies of our divorce laws, purely from the humorous side. And the action is delayed by the explanations that are necessary in order to make these anomalies clear to the audience.

The idea of a man, finding himself married to two women, both of whom under the law are his wives, and one of these women finding herself married to three men who successively turn up, is based upon an American possibility and suggests a kind of humor that is also overpoweringly American. It is not possible anywhere but in the United States, and I doubt if it is conceivable anywhere else.

Mr. Rosenfeld's treatment of the idea is that of the farceur. It is measurably skillful and clever, but is subject to the disappointment that besets all farcical exploits when they exceed an incident and are carried through three acts.

good, and little Miss Selia Wolston, who plays Gladys, made her debut and her triumph at the same time.

I have nothing more to say about the new American drama at this time. It will be seen in the city before long, and then we can admire the beautiful women Mr. Hill has secured for it, and try and fix Mr. Rosenfeld's position.

Coincident with the new play come back The Still Alarm and the Boston Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty company and Mather and Bandmann. Mr. Joe Arthur has filled the town with the marvels of his horses; but if I undertook to tell any of the things they have done he would rush into print with a correction and thus get an extra notice. He has made The Still Alarm an opera; it was a tragedy when I saw it last. Now even the horses sing and the telephone adds a refrain of its own.

he is always at bottom the same cheap philosopher, saying shallow things with the most resounding rhetoric; committing the most unpardonable outrage upon the one "so wildly loved," and smoothing it all out with low music in the midst of roses; launching the curse of Rome when the halberdiers are properly arranged to fall on one knee; smirking then in Sir John Vesey's parlor, and growling rhodomontade to the world because [Clara Douglass will not marry poverty. With what inimitable gusto he says to Clara, when she desires that they shall part: friends!

"Friends? And is that all? Look you, this is life. The eyes that charmed away every sorrow, the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core—a little while, a year, a month, a day—all the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, banished from the world. And the one who forgets the soonest—the one robs your earth

At the Theatres.

In spite of the elemental depression on the outside, the inside of Niblo's Theatre held a fair sized and soberly critical audience on Monday evening, to welcome the return of Margaret Mather and her company of actors. The play, *Romeo and Juliet*, was advertised to be presented "with all the wealth of scenery and costumes employed in its production at the Union Square Theatre." The auditor failed to discover any such lavish display, the only scene reminding us of Mr. Hill's elaborate production being the balcony or garden scene. Nor were the costumes resplendent with the rich tinsel and halo of gorgeousness that dazzled the eye on the Union Square stage. They were pretty, however, unerringly appropriate, and were generally admired.

Miss Mather's Juliet has been reviewed in the columns of THE MIRROR. She has certainly gained by experience; she is more dramatically pronounced in her methods, evinces more ripeness of judgment in her interpretation of the text, more artistic skill in the display of badinage, and infinitely more perfectness and appreciation of love in the Shakespearean sense. While some of her gestures are at fault, her performance, as a whole, shows a marked improvement, and was duly rewarded with distinct approval and several curtain calls. Miss Mather now makes Juliet a decided blonde. Last season she was an emphatic brunette. Frederick Paulding's Romeo is not the ideal one our fancy paints. A certain immobility of feature and jerky movement of body, to our mind, robs the character of that tender, pathetic beauty the author created in the enthusiastic lover. He is, however, earnest, warm and delightfully appealing, and there are few modern maidens Capulets who could resist the divine afflatus as evolved from the breast of Romeo Paulding. Eugene Jesson's Capulet was unmistakably clever, and in the scene where he discards the unhappy Juliet, he displayed a histrionic development but few dreamed he possessed. Aside from the Nurse of Mrs. Sol Smith, there is nothing to much commend in the rest of the cast, and were it not for capable stage management, they would have been completely lost sight of. Miss Mather will be seen the rest of the week in *Leah, Lady of Lyons*, *The Honey-moon* and *Macbeth*.

Quitzow's *Uriel Acosta* is a strong but a very gloomy play. It deals throughout with a dreary theme, pervaded by an atmosphere of fierce fanaticism, and relieved by only the slightest touch, if any, of brighter incident and kindly human interest. It is an admirable argument in the hands of the agnostic, for it sets forth in the most telling manner, how prone is the religionist, in all eyes, to become a persecutor as soon as relieved for one moment from the pressure of the persecution under which he himself has groined. Thus the liberal Jew, Acosta, expelled and accused by the synagogues of Amsterdam, is hounded by his bigoted enemies, egged on by his rival in love, to despair and suicide, while the noble woman who has stood by him in his extremity, is wound in the coils of persecution and driven to the same sad end.

Barney gives a very forceful and dignified impersonation of the title role, and is well supported by Ernest Reichenbach as Judith. The scene of the second act where Uriel, scathed by the ban of his co religionists and shunned by his former friends, boldly declares his convictions and is cheered by the womanly devotion of Judith, is very impressive and excellently acted. Yet the play, as we have said, is on the whole repulsively dry and forbidding. It bears much the same relation to a bit of real, wholesome dramatic work, as Milton's "Paradise Lost" to Marc Antony or The Merchant of Venice.

A Great Wrong, a dramatization of a once-popular novel called "For His Natural Life," originally produced in this city some years ago by John A. Stevens, was given at the Windsor on Monday night. The piece has lately undergone revision and alteration, but without any decided betterment. It is exceedingly faulty in the construction, with a tendency to crowd as many sensational situations and startling climaxes into each act as possible without any regard for probability or the spectator's forbearance. The plot recites the woes of one Kenneth Rawdon, who has been driven from his home by a harsh father, and who is afterwards arrested for a murder of which he is innocent. He imagines, however, that the crime was committed by his father, and in order to shield him and to save his mother's honor he gives a false name, and is sentenced and transported for life. The next four acts cover a period of ten years, and deal with penal servitude at a British station. The denouement restores the hero to his position in society and to his mother's arms.

The part of Kenneth Rawdon was played by J. B. Studley, whose acting was vigorous throughout, but lacked that essential delicacy that gives tone and color to an heroic role. Captain Bragdon, the villain, was well and fairly acted by Leslie Miller. The comedy element was supplied by R. P. Crollus as Moses Shadrack. Harry Colton made an unsatisfactory Frederick Benton, and spoiled the last scene in which he is supposed to be intoxicated by his artificiality. Willis Baker was pleasing as Rev. Mr. Whitley. Fanny Marsh made a dignified Lady Rawdon, Abbie Pierce as Eliza

Jurley was at times clever. Minnie Kisseile played Milly Graham nicely. The scenery was varied, but showed wear; it was evidently not constructed especially for this play. Salsbury's Troubadours next week.

The Howard Athenaeum Specialty company commenced a week's engagement at the Star Theatre on Monday night and was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. The performance is a high-class vaudeville of much more than usual merit, and from the advent of the troupe of Arabs, who open the bill with some exceedingly clever tumbling, to the skillful legerdemain of Carl Heriz, which brings it to a close, there was not a dull moment. The arrangement of the programme was admirable, and afforded ample opportunity for the really clever people that Messrs. Rich and Harris have banded together to display their several specialties to advantage. The Brothers Fonte-Boni, from Berlin, gave a unique act of music and pantomime which convulsed the house. John Le Claire did some dexterous juggling. The comedians, Hoey and Dailey, appeared in one of their characteristic sketches. The Irwin Sisters, May and Flora, were very entertaining in a novel and lively little act termed "Home Rule." Bobby Gaylor was excellent in a type of Irishman hitherto unknown to the stage, and was particularly amusing in a travesty on the modern melodrama. Some graceful dancing by Lizzie Daly, an Irish sketch by Sweeney and Ryland, and a comical trapeze performance by Resene and Robini served to fill out an attractive variety bill as has ever been offered in this city. Next week, Hermann.

Notwithstanding the storm The Still Alarm met with a flattering reception on its return to the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday evening. The drama is, if anything, improved since its last production here, the engine house scene having been intensified in realistic interest. The play is handsomely mounted. Harry Lacy was honored with several calls before the curtain and other members of the company, especially Walter Dennis, Lizzie Hudson and Blanche Vaughn, were correspondingly appreciated. The Still Alarm will remain at this house for an indefinite period.

It takes a strong attraction to fill the Third Avenue Theatre during Holy Week, and when Manager Jacobs booked The Two Johns company he made a good choice. The reward is large houses this week. I. C. Steward and Paul Dresser, as the cousin Johns, are very amusing. They are well supported by an all-round good company. Tony Denier's Pantomime company is due next week.

Evangeline at the Grand Opera House drew a large audience on Monday. The piece is cut a little, but the cast remains the same as when last seen a short time ago down town. Mr. Golden has improved considerably, and the rest of the company are good.

Tony Pastor delighted a crowded house on Monday night by introducing a number of performers new to the American stage, whose various acts were novel and important. The general opinion of experienced persons in the audience was that the indefatigable manager had not, in a score of years past, organized a more striking vaudeville company. The English debutants were Farrell and Willmott, Irish singing comedians; the Armstrongs, Revere and Athos, grotesque comedians; the musical Lindseys and the St. Albert sisters. There were also many favorites, such as the clever and eccentric Little Tich, the Donnellis, Annie Oakley, the rifle shooter, Charles Beane and Max Pettingill. This is the troupe with which Mr. Pastor will go on tour.

Monbars was played last night (Wednesday) at the Fifth Avenue for the benefit of Business Manager Charles N. Schroeder and Treasurer P. H. O'Connor, both of whom were entitled to such a substantial compliment, if uniform courtesy and efficiency count for anything. Mr. Mantell's engagement closes on Saturday night. Next Monday Clara Morris will begin an engagement at this house.

La Tosca does not seem to suffer much from the depression usual in Holy Week. The receipts at the Broadway Theatre up to last Saturday night, averaged, it is stated, \$1,100 a performance. Miss Davenport will continue to appear as the heroine in Sardou's play until the latter part of April.

The 100th performance of Paul Kauvar at the Standard takes place this (Thursday) evening. There will be souvenirs and the usual pomp and ceremony incidental to a Mackaye celebration.

Arcadia is to give place to Monte Cristo, Jr., at Dockstader's next Monday. Corinne's appearance in a new piece with elaborate surroundings will be an Easter event of considerable interest.

The Pearl of Pekin has been slightly improved since the first performance. Clara Lane has been substituted for Alice Johnson in the title role. Neither musical merit nor cleverness of book are demanded by the habitues of this establishment. Providing the girls are shapely and the dresses brief anything and everything "goes" at the Bijou. The management, by the way, have been running amuck

with some of the daily papers that were so rash as to criticize the production seriously, and, therefore, adversely. They have countermanded their advertisements in several quarters, to the amusement of the journals in question, which failed to display penitence. Fortunately for the Bijou people their house is more or less independent of newspaper readers.

Erminie shows its staying power strikingly during this the time of rigid Lenten observance. The jolly operette is drawing large audiences, and the fun and music are as much enjoyed as ever.

Hoodman Blind is being presented at the People's this week to fair houses.

Mr. Bandmann is giving his dual impersonation of Jekyll and Hyde at the Academy this week, with the same company which was recently seen at Niblo's. The performance finds favor. On Easter Monday the National Opera appears here in Nero. The repertoire for the single week's engagement also includes The Queen of Sheba, Tannhauser, Faust, Flying Dutchman and Lohengrin.

There is Money on Wallack's stage at present but not much of it in the house. More revivals are prognosticated before the close of the season late next month or early in May, when the stock company will become a thing of the past.

To-night (Thursday) Pete's 150th performance occurs at the Park Theatre. The event will no doubt assemble a large audience.

After Saturday night Heart of Hearts will be withdrawn from the Madison Square stage after a longer run than was at first anticipated for it. Next Monday, Robert Buchanan's play, Partners, will have its first representation in this country.

On Monday evening the 150th performance of The Wife was given at the Lyceum. The souvenir of the event was an artistic brochure, with all the elegance of ragged-edged plate-paper, tint-backed pen-and-ink drawings of scenes from the play, and a novel cast of characters presenting portraits and autographs of all those engaged in the performance. But the Chinese puzzle in gilt on the cover would defy the ingenuity even of such a remarkable decipherist as Ignatius Donnelly.

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The Musical Mirror.

The Campanini Operatic Concert, held on Sunday evening at the new Broadway, suggested the well-worn comparison of the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. The spongy hero of the company was missing from the stage, but beamed upon the public in silent majesty from a proscenium box. The programme might appropriately have been headed with the emblematic serpent bearing his tail in his mouth—the type of permanence in all things human. When the coming savage from Nootka Sound—to borrow from Macaulay—shall sit upon the ruins of the Grand Central and study the classic outlines of Fritz-Greene Halleck in the Park, he will probably, if he wander near the relics of the Metropolitan, hear a hoarse chuckle from the adjacent corner, where Sig. Corsini perennially recounts the "thousand and three" triumphs of the naughty Don, or ingenuously confesses that "the donkey was your daddy," while the "No, no, no!" of Madame Scalchi charms the ages with a perennial series of chronic negation.

To speak more gravely, the programme, though desperately threadbare, was well sung, as it has been for some two or three years past, and Metaura Torricelli, in especial, commended herself to serious approval by her violin playing, which was firm, accurate, and sympathetic, beyond the usual young-feminine standard.

The Tenth Young People's matinee on Saturday was a good and interesting one. Volkman's Richard III. overture is rather a dry composition, with slight touch of inspiration, but the Rheinberger fantasia is a charming piece of work; the intermezzo is peculiarly graceful, and in the final movement the severity of the fugued form is relieved by a notable delicacy of modulation, and an unusually warm and rich orchestration.

Grieg's bright and pleasing concerto, Op. 10, for pianoforte and orchestra, was well rendered by Johannes Ziegler. He is a clever and brilliant rather than a poetic player, with a method which is showy rather than thorough or emphatic. Thus his chords and forte passages are taken with sharpness and decision, but not with massive breadth, and his runs, though easy are not neat, and lack the pearly distinctness which is the ultimate virtue of a cadenza.

The Siegfried Idyll revives the suggestion so often present to the minds of moderate Wagnerians—the musical mugwumps, as they have been profanely called—that much of the master's work would be more pleasing if played merely in orchestral score, with a slender margin of explanatory text, to replace the less agreeable vocal portions.

Finally, the noble Meistersinger overture,

admirably played, resumed in its one splendid mass of harmonic color the finest motif of that curious and interesting but rather diffuse work, in which the composer has for once essayed to be comic, and—to most tastes—signally failed to be anything but pleasing.

Mr. Gericke and his men, emerging from the avalanches and drifts of the Shore Line, made their long postponed appearance at Steinway's on Monday, with a result so gratifying as to suggest the whimsical thought that it might be well to keep our orchestras, like champagne—on ice for a season, before uncorking.

The Brahms's Symphony in F. No. 3 is a curiously delicate work, relying in its three earlier movements not at all on broad or noisy effects of full orchestra in fortissimo, but solely on fine modulation, subtle changes of key, and airy, graceful tracery of theme. Played by an ordinary orchestra its beauties might miss adequate expression, but the refinement and sympathetic quality of the interpretation brought out every the minutest shade and tone with exquisite precision of definition. Anything better than the beautiful mellowness and fusion of tone in Mr. Gericke's orchestra we fail to remember.

Krug's favorite Symphonic Prologue to Othello alternates between a rather severe and forbidding programmatic style, illustrating doubtless, the struggle of all black passions in the breast of the tortured Moor, and the loveliest passages of symphonic harmony and sweetness which we may suppose to typify the gentle Desdemona. It is to be regretted that the one so often smothered the other.

Frau Kalisch-Lehmann seemed to some extent the victim of a spell of weather which for "pure cussedness" must seek its parallel in Spitzbergen or Massachusetts Bay. The orchestra can keep their flutes and fiddles in their cases, but not so Mme. Lehmann's silver throat. It was palpable that she was not at her best; the severe and not very pleasing air from Gluck's Armide showed less clearness and resonance in the medium tones, less force and spirit in the execution than usual with this charming artist, and the same is true of her share in the Liebestod scene from Tristan and Isolde. Herr Kalisch, however, was level with his budding reputation, and gave his aria from the Magic Flute with excellent voice and a peculiarly fervent expression and phrasing.

The Tristan and Isolde Vorspiel was, like the rest of the programme, superbly played. It illustrates more than any work of the composer we can recall, the peculiar musical obstinacy, if we may so call it, with which, having once adopted a simple but expressive theme, he goes on to twist and turn, to vary and color, through an infinite and microscopic minute and variety of modulation, enforcing his one central thought with a dogged persistence, which only the cunning art of the master can save from becoming monotonous and tedious if not repulsive.

That Caryl Florio is a skillful pianist and peculiarly graceful and sympathetic accompanist has been a familiar fact to legions of concert-goers for many years past. Only a more limited number of personal and professional friends, however, have known of him as not merely interpreting but creating—as a composer of many-sided and fertile productivity. His popularity was amply shown by the more than respectable audience which defied the vile weather to attend a concert at Steinway's on Tuesday evening, with a programme drawn entirely from Mr. Florio's compositions. It embraced two symphonies, two songs, and a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra.

So heard, Mr. Florio appears to be a tone-artist of large technical knowledge, warm imagination and manifold poetic creativeness. His work, at many points, as, for instance, in the final allegro con moto of the full symphony (No. 1 in G) shows traces of the influence of Mendelssohn with its bright cheerful spirit and graceful chromatic flow. The concerto, well rendered by Conrad Ansoorge, has a pleasing second movement, the reverie, and a spirited finale allegro con maestra.

In the last symphony (No. 2, in C minor), the romanza, an andante, was suggestive and imaginative, and the scherzo and finale strongly and richly orchestrated, barring a certain tendency to strive for striking effects by unduly strong, crashing chords and a too liberal use of the timpani.

The song, "St. Agnes' Eve," to Tennyson's well-known words, is a solemn and impressive chant of pronounced religious character, which might almost be called a hymn, but for the dramatic character of the later stanzas. The accompaniment is rich and sonorous, aided by the organ and violoncello obbligato. The second song, or scene, "The Siren's Dream," is entirely dramatic, or programmatic, and less effective. Both were very imperfectly sung by Ella Earle, who has a strong, clear voice, inadequately trained, and a very unsatisfactory method.

A War Play in the South.

Business Manager Julius Cohn, of the Held by the Enemy company, was in the city last week.

"Our season has been far more successful than I anticipated," he said, "and our expectations were very high. Our Southern tour was simply an ovation from beginning to end, and the result is that we shall go back there again next season. It was no surprise to us that the play was well received there, for it was public-

ly known that Mr. Gillette had written a piece which would give no offense to any section of the country. Our Eastern business was also very good—in fact, the biggest receipts were made on the New England circuit. We were snowed in for three days blizzard week, and the company suffered considerably, but we finally reached Springfield, after a pretty hard tussle, and played there on Thursday night to standing room only. Last year we played in Springfield on Fast Day, which is the biggest theatrical day in the year there, to what we considered good business, but on Thursday the 15th we almost doubled the receipts of the first engagement. This week we are at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Williamsburg, and next week we rest."

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O'CONNOR is likely to create the sensation of the season.—Evening Sun, New York City, Feb. 20, 1888.
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The Giddy Gusher.



Those Brooklyn people have funny ways. Off on a side street, a narrow, inaccessible place, you find a queer, unattractive entrance, which, being penetrated, leads into a beautiful, bright theatre called The Amphion.

It's a lovely play-house, and should have been planted where it would do more good. It has some charming decorations. I had been there a whole act when I happened to look overhead and struck the Brooklyn solar system—a patch of heavenly blue with some of the fastest stars, and one of the most vigorous and remunerative moons I ever encountered. My astronomical studies were suspended some time ago, on account of the insufficient encouragement I got from the vault of heaven. The Amphion fills a long-felt want—the principal planets, the most important stars, and a lunar triumph are just jammed into that ceiling within an educational limit that brings the beauty of astronomy into easy reach.

It always required some big scheme to get me to Brooklyn, but I assure you I am from this out a regular attendant at the Amphion. Between blizzards and heavy rains things have not worked together for my educational advantage, but the late Maria Mitchell will be forgotten as a successful astronomer when your Gusher looms up after a short experience under the Brooklyn solar system.

Of course you know that I braved the elements on Monday night to see Sydney Rosenfeld's play and what J. M. Hill had done for it. It was a bright and festive occasion, and New Yorkers were as plentiful as they are on one of our own big opening nights. There were really some sad incidents to mar the brilliancy of the evening; one of them was a gentleman who had evidently left home a thing of beauty, but had received a pallid mud on his manly shirt-front. He kept in the back of the box, but for him joy was unknown. Another was the spectacle of a pale, fragile woman, supported in the lobby after the last act by a determined man, who was saying every comforting word he was acquainted with, and calling on bystanders for relays of sympathy. It was Mary Fiske, in a state of grief beyond description, and Marshall Wilder doing the Good Samaritan act.

"What on earth has happened?" I asked.

"See what that man Hill has done for that play," she wailed, and Wilder fairly staggered under a new burst of emotion.

Further along the lobby a large man was beating his head against the kalsomined wall.

"See how Hill has mounted that play," he groaned. It was Mr. Jessop. Next him a small, alert man, with a manuscript in his pocket, was unable to restrain his overwrought feeling.

"Oh, Heaven!" he cried, "that which Hill has done for that play is more than I can bear." It was Mr. Vallentine.

Four young men leaned dismally against each other, and the quartette sighed in unison.

"There is no bitterness like seeing a play mounted as that Possible Case has been tonight, with an unmounted play in your pocket."

Prospective playwrights will do well to avoid J. M. Hill's production of Rosenfeld's farce-comedy if they want to retain their reason. And that brings me round to the play I went over to see.

The play on which J. M. Hill has put forth the unlimited generosity of his hands, the intelligence of his long head, and the poetry of his big heart, all that money, art and decoration and executive ability can do for a play has been done for the Possible Case. What it would have amounted to dumped on an undraped scene, played by ordinary actors, any one can say.

As it is it is a success; it couldn't very well be anything else, presented as it was. By the week it reaches New York Mr. Rosenfeld will have condensed and sharpened the first act and lightened the lines throughout the piece with many a clever thought. One has to survive a first night to know what surgical operations to perform and what architectural additions to make.

The Possible Case will live in my memory as the Spring opening of fine clothes for 1888, as pictorially an artistic triumph, as introducing me to a pocket edition of the firmament I can't forget, and as presenting evidence of what can be done with a very little.

I am not alluding to the play entirely in that sentence. I look at Genevieve Lytton and then go and get a piece of smoked glass and view her creator.

For about three years a young lady has sat in theatres attracting no attention. I met her and knew her as a pleasant, wholesome-looking young woman not overburdened with ani-

mation, in no way afflicted by the fatal gift of beauty. By her side was usually found a contemplative man. I didn't know what he was contemplating. I do since I have seen Miss Lytton. She was his cocoon. That Spinday-school sort of young woman was carried out to Buffalo and sprung as a full-fledged beauty on the public. Judicious management of her good points, the attributes of dress and skillful make-up, joined with a newspaper management that simply usurps the province of a creator, have brought forth Miss Lytton and made her a professional beauty.

Alas! nothing short of a miracle will ever make her an actress. She does not seem to understand the part she plays. She never has a momentary lapse from herself and her Psyche Knob.

For the Possible Case she will do well enough. The whole cast raves about her charms of person. It's lucky no one has to say anything of Violet Mendoza's power to portray emotion of her intelligence, or her cleverness—she wouldn't fill the bill. She looked superb and dressed gorgeously, but she wants to get a bit of lace under the arm holes of her swellest dress in which she portrays emotion by some calisthenics, that were of a very harrowing character. The fall on the sofa at the end of the act demands a little more lace across the front of the corsage to give the audience confidence.

Mr. Kennedy walked out of the Baron and into the Case without "suffering the sea change" that a ferryboat ought to entail.

But that Billy Thompson! That man is chameleon enough to carry a company. I met him one week a broken-hearted old man. I met him the next an irascible, comical old chap. I go into Anarchy Saturday afternoon, and he is denouncing his daughter—a howling aristocrat. He slouches on in the Case, a foreigner in look, voice and manner; a crafty adventurer with the coolness of a Count Fosco; not a trace of the round, jolly countenance of William Thompson to be seen in any of these characters.

Mr. Thompson has a nose suitable for comedy. Does that set him back when an aquiline organ's up to snuff—or a beak equal to any criminal enterprise is wanted? Not much. He goes at that face of his, and Lavater himself never had so many faces in his kit as Billy Thompson.

Certainly he is one of the best, if not the best, eccentric character-actors on the American stage to day.

I am heartily glad Sydney Rosenfeld has such an easy-going road opened up before him. He has been persistent and industrious. On his own account he deserves success. And for the sake of the splendid woman who shares his fortunes I rejoice that he has got it.

Last Monday was about as nasty a day as could well be desired; bleak and cutting winds were abroad. My thoughts wandered off to that dreary snowy waste where a year ago we laid the lovely body of 'Lizza Weathersby Goodwin.

I know, despite the chill and icy air, notwithstanding the dividing distance, some members of that faithful band of sisters stood beside her grave. I hold a different opinion of death and our duty to the dead—or I might be found oftener in graveyards than I am.

It seems to me if I was conscious in my earthly bed of affairs going on overhead, nothing could give me greater pain than the pressure of my sisters feet on the chill sod above me.

Through the coffin lid and close pressed mould the dropping of her tears would reach my slumbering sense and the dumb agony I would feel for her unavailing grief—a grief I could not comfort—would make for me a hell I had not reached before.

I hold many anniversaries of death, if I cannot escape remembering them, at home. I never want to look upon a picture of my lost ones. There is no panacea for the grave but forgetfulness. It is a blessed provision that we eternally forget its inevitable call upon ourselves, and the only comfort time brings is its power to efface remembrance of its former visits.

There are few mourners like these dear actress-friends. I have run upon graveyard parties of a different sort who took a pleasant view of the situation. I was one on a matter of business for a friend, attending to a monument in Greenwood last Summer, when I found my only way to my carriage led close beside a black-robed party sitting beside a recently made grave.

I looked at a spiked fence and calculated my chances of impalement if I attempted to scale it. I looked at a thick-set hedge and wilted as in my mind's eye I saw my good Summer-hat torn by funeral thorns.

There was no escape; with a decorous and sympathetic face, truly unwilling to intrude upon their sorrow, I essayed to steal by them. It was a widow and her sister, or friend, and these were the words that struck my astonished ears:

"I suppose I've to wear this nasty black until I get the monument up, at all events. Jim says I look a fright in it."

"Chinese mourn in yellow."

"I wish to mercy it was the style here. There isn't a chance to wear a decent rag while you are in deep mourning."

"Monument all ordered—ain't it?" said the friend.

"I should say so—before the funeral. Jim attended to that. I'm going to let him pay for it. He ought to do something for a man that gave him such a chance."

Then they both laughed, and I stumbled on some creeping myrtle and barked my ankle on a foot-stone, and vowed it would be a long, long day before I went picknicking in a cemetery again.

When this MIRROR is being read the Gusher will be having a great time. She's going to a party—just the sort of party she likes. In the many columns you have had relating the freaks and fancies of the subscriber, it must have become apparent that the high toned, low-necked, soap bubble party isn't dear to my heart.

On occasions when I have participated in the small-beer proceedings that the papers call "society news," I have committed some awful breach and got myself disliked. But there is one kind of a party in which I am a "gem of purest ray serene." I make a hit. I enjoy the society, and to that sort of a party I go on Thursday afternoon.

I've been into a good deal of this society this Winter, and I look forward to this coming festivity with much pleasurable anticipation. I am going to wear a high-necked white apron, with my hair nicely braided down my back, and carry my doll.

We are none of us over seven years old at these parties, and the fun we have is beyond telling. I wasn't invited to Harry Dixey's party. Harry is nine, and perhaps he didn't want as young a girl as I when he gave his birthday celebration last week. All the same, I feel slighted.

Bert Still had his party in January. Every one invited was under fire. I was taken by a nurse to that party, and brought home at six and put to bed ill. Root beer is too much for me when it's mixed with lemonade.

Young Ryan, Lilly Eldridge's son, gave a birthday party at his grandma's. I had a great time at that. We were all five-year-olds, except Madame Ponisi and Aunt Louise. They are pretty big girls now.

"Goff" Tealie invited me to his parties. I always go to Pinky Fay's yearly party. Rose Coghlan's beautiful little adopted daughter wouldn't give a party without me any more than Frank Sawyer's small son would.

In fact, I'm going into this sort of society a great deal—perhaps too much for my own good.

But Thursday the little actress remembered that this season of Hoodman Blind, when Joseph Haworth and Sidney Armstrong played it, will give a party. Amy Stoddard is a sweet little lily of a girl seven years old. Sidney Armstrong is her aunt and apt to overdo a banquet. I've no doubt I will be way off Friday.

But if people will dissipate they must suffer for it. I wish THE MIRROR could be presented with a picture in party costume of its

GIDDY GUSHER.

A Mascot Somewhere.

George W. Sammis was encountered on Broadway by a MIRROR reporter. He had come from Philadelphia to look after some business for his principal, Richard Mansfield.

"As I was saying to Mr. Mansfield the other day," he began "we must have a mascot in our company. It's either him, Mr. Price, or myself. While it has been a sorry time with everybody else, we can't complain at all. Coming from Chicago into Philadelphia we were snow-bound for twelve hours, but we got into the city at last, and in spite of the dreadful storm gave a performance at the Chestnut Street Theatre on Monday of last week to \$700. The Parisian Romance was the play, and every night after the first they had to put the orchestra in one of the boxes on account of the unusual demand for seats. Up to the end of the week we were considerably over \$1200 in advance of the receipts of the original Union Square Theatre company under Mr. Palmer's management, which played at the same theatre immediately after the enormous success of the piece in New York, and which brought with it all the original scenery, costumes and everything."

To Sue Mr. Nathal.

Edwin Mitchell, the editor of *Fame and Fortune*, who was for several years connected with the Franco-American Agency, is about bringing suit against the reported adapter of *Monbars*, Louis Nathal. Mr. Mitchell claims that he unearthed the play some eight years ago, translated it, and did the better part of the adaptation. He then sold his work to Mr. Nathal for a stated sum, which has never been paid—Mr. Mitchell still holding several notes.

As THE MIRROR stated, the play is taken from D'Ennery's *La Dame de St. Tropez*, which was brought out in Paris in 1844 with the celebrated French actor, Frederic Lemaître, in the principal role. Mr. Nathal's defence is that he has papers which prove that Mr. Mitchell sold to him all the rights of the play. The latter had some intention of enjoining the production, but desisted on learning that the small royalties paid Mr. Nathal were signed over to his wife. Mr. Mitchell's principal reason for bringing the suit is to get the credit due him for the work.

Professional Doings.

—The Cora Van Tassel company has closed for the season.

—Marion A. Erie has been engaged by Nat Goodwin for next season.

—Sharpley, of Sharpley and West, the vaudeville people, died on Wednesday last of pneumonia at Chicago.

—Jennie Kimball's Mam'selle company closes season at Detroit on April 28.

—Scarcely good time is open at Shaefer's Opera House, Canton, O., in April and May.

—Edward J. Cress has been engaged to support Ollie Redpath for a term of three years.

—Harry Brown has been engaged to support Corinne in the new burlesque, *Monte Christo, Jr.*

—David R. Young, author of *The Age of Taffy*, and an actor of merit, is at present disengaged.

—The Opera House at Gouverneur, a thriving little New York town, has already commenced booking for next season.

—John Griffiths, late with Mrs. D. P. Bowers' company, has been engaged for the Clark Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

—Joseph Arthur, author of *The Still Alarm*, testifies to the worth of the Actors' Fund by giving it prominent mention in his play.

—William Garen has closed a contract with the Horseshoe Four for the coming season with Topack and Steele's Comedy company.

—The season of Hilarity has been quite a successful one. Next season the manager will have street parades in which the costumes will be a feature.

—Odell Williams and Blanche Mortimer have left McKee Rankin's company. They are succeeded by Joseph Brennan and Eugenia Belmont.

—The Cairo (Ill.) Opera House will be sold on April 19, under a bill in chancery to foreclose trust deed and mortgage. The building originally cost \$40,000.

—Jesse R. Bayless, for fifteen years manager of the Grand Opera House, Wilmington, Del., will retire in favor of Proctor and Soulier in July, but will be retained as treasurer.

—Edward Behman, brother of Louis C. Behman, assistant-treasurer of Hyde and Behman's Brooklyn Theatre, died on Tuesday of consumption at the age of twenty-seven.

—E. H. Sotherton, in *The Highest Bidder*, is meeting with most encouraging success throughout the South. His audiences are invariably large and enthusiastic, and managers willingly make return dates.

—Machay and Pop do not seem to be raking in the dollars on their tour. At a matinee in Louisville last week the attendance was so light that the audience was dismissed.

—William G. Hunter is Fred. Bryton's business manager. The relations between Mr. Bryton and his former business manager, Fred. McCloy, are somewhat strained.

—Julia Anderson's company have begun rehearsals of *Ilex*. The cast includes E. P. Sullivan, Charles Herbert, Charles Mortimer, Lou Gifford, Harcourt Verses, Arthur G. Smith, Rose Stahl, and Mattie Hawley.

—The 100th night of Paul Kavar will be celebrated at the Standard to night (Thursday) by the distribution of illustrated programmes with embellished covers and containing pictures of the principal characters in the play.

—W. J. Scanlan rents this week and opens on Monday night at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, after which he goes to Washington and then returns to the People's here.

—Heien Mowat has found a backer for her play *A False Step*, which will be produced shortly at one of the Chicago theatres. Miss Mowat is now playing at St. Louis in G. W. Wood's version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

—M. W. Wilkison has resigned his position as advance agent of Robert Downing, and has accepted that of general manager of the Lake Erie, Presque Isle Park and Steamboat company.

—Southern and Western correspondents write us that in spite of the severe blizzards and miserable weather generally, THE MIRROR has made its appearance on the newspapers everywhere as the usual thing.

—Brother's Temple Theatre company, with Alice Harrison and Elma Dolan at the head, which has been playing the musical farce, *In the Swim*, disbanded in Baltimore last Saturday. Most of the company, fifteen in number, have returned to their respective homes.

—Cincinnati Centennial May Festival is announced for May 25 to 26, inclusive, at the Casino. The artists announced to appear are Litta Lehman, Myron W. Whitely, Alozo Stoddard, Corinne, Emma Crouch and Edward Lloyd.

—William Garen, business manager of Murg's Landings, who takes up the Opera House for a Summer season, will open in Syracuse on May 25, and not on the 27th, as previously stated. Byron G. Bugg has been engaged as musical director.

—William M. Shultz, late manager of Able Opera House, Erie, Pa., has arranged with Robert McWade for a Spring trip of about eight weeks, commencing April 9. Mr. Shultz will travel with and look after the interests of the company.

—The Mozart Academy of Music, Richmond, Va., Van Wyck's Academy of Music, Norfolk, Va., and the Academy of Music, Petersburg, Va., are now under the management of Thomas G. Leath, who is stationed at Richmond, and W. H. Sherwood, stationed at Norfolk.

—It is expected that fifty thousand people will visit Columbus, O., during the Ohio Centennial Exposition, which will be held for six weeks, commencing Sept. 3. Most of this time is open at the Metropolitan Opera House, that city, and ought to be a bonanza for good companies.

—George W. Chatterton, manager of Chatterton's Opera House, Springfield, Illinois, died at four o'clock last Tuesday afternoon. The deceased was a well-known man in Springfield, where he had a large jewelry store in addition to the theatre which he built and managed for fifteen years.

—Frank Lane will star next season in Hoyt's new farce-comedy, *Taffy*, founded on the same thing as Young's play, *The Age of Taffy*. He will impersonate a drummer for a candy firm, which is said to have an existence in London, and will back the scheme. Frank McKee will be the manager.

—Julia Anderson, in Robert Johnson's drama of *Ilex*, or a Wife's Secret, will play six weeks' return dates over the Eastern circuit, commencing April 2 at Bridgeport, Ct. The company is composed of E. P. Sullivan, Harcourt Verses, Charles Mortimer, Arthur G. Smith, Charles Herbert, Rose Stahl and Mattie E. Hawley. Miss Anderson is under the management of Frank Brooker.

The Amateur Stage.

The Juvenile Comedy company, of Nebraska City, Neb., held the record of a large audience at the Opera House there on Thursday last, presenting four original comedies written by members of the company. The performance, according to our correspondent, was above the average, and far ahead of many professional ones who have appeared there. The comedies were: *A Green Burglar*, in three acts; *A Crowded Hotel*, *The Klopene*, and *A Sea of Troubles*—the three latter one-act pieces. The company is well organized and consists of the following members: S. H. Calhoun, proprietor; John Patterson, manager; Edward Evans, stage manager; Alexander Calhoun, Sanford Overton, James Green, Harry Rolle, Charles Turner, Fred Whitten, and John Dixon. They will play at Syracuse, Neb., on and 30, and upon their success in this engagement depends their future appearances.

An amateur performance for the Neighborhood Guild was given on Monday evening, March 26, at 100 West Fifty-fourth street. The programme comprised *Our Bitterest For*, and the dream scene from *The Relia*. The performers included Edith Wardell, a daughter of Ellen Terry; Mildred Conway, Allie Craig, Evert J. Wendell and William A. Buckland.

Owing to a misunderstanding with the dramatic committee, Mrs. Nellie Vale Nelson has severed her connection with the Gilbert and has joined the Amaranth.

The Rival will present *Francesca da Rimini* at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Tuesday evening, April 3.

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BOSTON.

Richard Mansfield will occupy the Madison Square Theatre during June, prior to his departure for London.

"Not alone do we complain of his action in this respect, but there are many things in regard to this season, which is the first of the new contract for another six years which are under the same conditions as were the last four years. Mr. Hill, who is the ostensible manager, has not been near the company, and has not attended to the bookings, which were left to an agent who booked us all over creation. One of the places he sent us was Tucson, Arizona. We were booked there for two nights but we only played one. We had

Lillie Larose and F. J. Binkhurst will close their season with A Cold Day company on Saturday next.

at Echo Lake, N. J., where they will complete the new play for E. H. Sothorn, which Manager Frohman will present at the Lyceum in August.

weights. Of the sixteen manufacturers throughout the country, thirteen have signified their intention of joining, and were represented either personally or by proxy, while the remaining three have notified the association that they will not undersell.

their season with A Cold Day company on Saturday next.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, March 15.

Robert Buchanan's adaptation of Henry Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" is the principal dramatic event which I have to chronicle this week. It was produced last Thursday afternoon before a big audience, who early in the proceedings expressed approval and signified the same in the usual manner. R. B. calls his play Joseph's Sweetheart, and he has adapted with a free hand, using only such parts of the famous story as might serve his theatrical purpose. Herein Buchanan shows wisdom, for if there is a book that promises little for play-writing purposes that book is "Joseph Andrews." The adapter's additions and alterations (which are exceedingly numerous) are, on the whole, clever and striking. The only serious defect is the last act which is somewhat crude and (seeing that the story closes at the fourth) unnecessary. It is not altogether so compact a play as the same adapter's *Sophia*, but in many parts it is certainly stronger. The success Joseph's Sweetheart scored was swift and genuine, so much so that it went at once into the evening bill and is now drawing big houses, a state of things which is likely to continue, I should say, for many months to come.

Readers of "Joseph Andrews" will perceive from the following sketch what a lot of work Buchanan has had to do. The first act shows as Lady Booby's boudoir. Lady Booby is surrounded by all sorts and conditions of admirers and title-tattlers, grouped in the fashion of the boudoir scene in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." Joseph is seen in attendance on Lady Booby, and soon she makes love to him in almost as realistic a manner as Fielding has depicted. Joseph is not to be tempted, and anon watching her opportunity Lady Booby makes a still more violent attack upon his virtue. He again firmly but respectfully repulses her, for not only is he as virtuous as his Israelitish nameake, but his heart is true to Polly—I mean to his sweetheart Fanny. Hereupon Lady Booby summons her retainers and charges him with having attempted her honor, and later on—in order probably to prove that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned—plots with a wicked nobleman, Lord Fellamar—who is a sort of robust Beau Diderot—to abduct Joseph's sweetheart and ruin her. In the second act Joseph returns to country life in company with good old Parson Adams and Fanny (Adams' foster daughter), and for a while all seems peace and happiness. But villainy is soon on their track. Fellamar sends his wicked Welsh chaplain, Llewellyn ap Griffith, to prepare the way for the carrying-off of Fanny. L. ap Griffith gets Parson Adams out of the way by sending him on a wild-goose chase concerning the long longed-for publication of his (Adams') sermons, and then Lord Fellamar and his retinue come along and grapple with the pure and pretty little Fanny, but a gipsy named Jim whom Adams has just rescued from dire distress, gives Adams and Andrews the dip. All the same, a short sharp struggle ensues and Fellamar having stabbed Andrews in the back, departs carrying off the girl. Presently when Joseph is brought round sufficiently he and Adams start in pursuit. By and by, footsore and famished, they call at the house of Sir George Wilson, who succors them. Wilson is a melancholy man sorrowing for the loss of his son, who was stolen from him by gipsies three-and-twenty years before, and ere long Gipsy Jim, who has just been brought before Wilson on a charge of poaching, proclaims Joseph to be Wilson's long-lost boy. Joseph is speedily set on his legs again and put into gorgeous raiment after which he and Adams hurry off again in pursuit of the abductors and, later, discover Fanny at Ranelagh in company with the licentious lord, who has not yet, however, effected his diabolical purpose. Fanny who has come with Fellamar on the off chance of escaping has (with much anguish) implored help from the surrounding prodigies, male and female, who, however, will not stir a finger to interfere with their associate's amors. After a terrible struggle Fellamar locks Fanny in an adjoining block, when Adams and co. rush to the rescue. This is the end of the fourth act, where, as I have said, the story really ends. The fifth is taken up by preparations for a duel between Fellamar and Andrews, in which Fellamar is wounded and is brought in to make amends. In doing this he denounces the wicked Lady Booby, thus confounding all her knavish tricks. The virtuous then receive due reward, and the curtain falls on a cleverly written rhymed tag—a sort of thing in which Buchanan excels.

The foregoing will show that, apart from the alterations, the adapter has made in the story, he has added several fresh characters. The cast was, on the whole, like the mounting—splendid. Manager Tom Thorne has never played so well as in the character of Parson Adams. He has, perhaps, considerably too much to say, but being manager, that is not to be wondered at. H. B. Conway shows much manliness and pathos as Joseph, and, as usual, looks well in his eighteenth-century clothes. As Gipsy Jim J. S. Blythe (husband to Henrietta Hodson, Labouchere's sister Sylvia) gave a powerful piece of acting. Fred Thorne worked hard as the wicked Welsh chaplain, but the part is not a good one, and Cyril Maude who tells me that he will lead the fair Winifred Emery to the altar next month) made a bit as the wicked Lord Fellamar. The burly William Rignold made an imposing and pathetic Wilson. A sweeter and more charming performance than Kate Rorke's Fanny I have not seen for many a day. A more comic Mrs. Shislop than Eliza Johnson it would be difficult to find, and a hand-

somer and more majestic Lady Booby than Miss Vane could not possibly exist.

About two hours after I mailed you my last letter there was produced at the Olympic a new and original romantic drama of present interest, in four acts, entitled *Christina*, by Percy Lynwood and Mark Ambrient. As a matter of fact this new play first saw the light at a Prince of Wales' matinee about twelve months ago, and I believe I described it to you at the time. It was then overdone with interminable disquisitions on politics and other nuisances. These have been for the most part chopped out and the play is so far improved, but *Christina* is still somewhat tedious and not quite clear. It is in effect a Nihilistic play. *Christina* is the daughter of a Russian prince, and she and her father conspire against things in general. Count Freund, the prince's secretary, is also supposed to conspire, but is really a Russian spy. He loves *Christina* and her money, and desires to marry them. *Christina* makes other arrangements with an English sprig of nobility. Freund vows vengeance, but all his schemes are brought to naught by the Editor of the *Piccadilly Press*, who appears to be a sort of *Niccolo Macchiavelli*, James Gordon Bennett, and the Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs all rolled into one. This journalistic *doux ex machina* from time to time pulls various strings in a calm and gentlemanly manner, and the puppets dance accordingly. Freund eventually receives his quietus at the hands of a member of the Band, who is detailed to polish him off, and thus all ends happily.

The part of Freund, which was created by Herman Vezin, is now assumed by E. S. Willard, who invests the character with demoniacal attributes and plays well all the time. Frank Archer still represents the all-powerful *Piccadilly* editor and causes the newspaper men in front to wonder whether the part is a study from life or an "evolution." He, too, deserves praise. Alma Murray, the original *Christina*, is as winsome and pathetic as before. Rose Leclercq gives a dignified and touching study of a Nihilist lady whose son has been betrayed by the villain Freund. Adrienne Dairloles scored as a French maid. Willard was himself responsible for the staging, and did it pretty well.

Richard Henry, heretofore known to players chiefly by some popular farces, and his Gaity burlesques, Monte Cristo, Jr., and *Frankenstein*, broke fresh ground at Glasgow, on Friday, with a four-act drama, specially written for Jennie (Jo) Lee. This piece, which is called *Game*, was produced at the Glasgow Royalty on Friday night, and scored a big success at the first time of asking. Jennie represents a friendless Liverpool street-boy, nicknamed Johnny Irish. Johnny is, however, the exact antithesis of his predecessor, Jo, whereas that unfortunate was all his life chivied and moved on, this joker is lively and jolly all the time, and moves everybody else on and puts everything straight after the manner of impersonations of star parts from time immemorial. There is something, however, to be said in favor of Richard Henry's work, and that is that he has not only contrived to provide Jennie Lee with the opportunities she required to display her versatility, but he has done it with a smaller amount of improbability to the square inch than might have been expected under the circumstances. J. P. Barnett (Jennie's husband) has also had a good low comedy part written round him. Next week they play *Game* in Newcastle.

"Hustler" Kelly, who is a devout believer in apt advertisements' artful aid, has asked me to state that the Siberia company which Grace Hawthorne has sent out in our provinces is drawing the biggest receipts on record. Also that *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* has caught on surely at the Princess'. H. M. S. Pinafore was withdrawn from the Savoy last Saturday after a somewhat brief revival. Next Saturday evening *The Pirates of Penzance*, certainly one of the finest operas in the Gilbertian-Sullivan series, goes on with several of the original cast. Wilson Barrett has asked me to deny the rumour which has been printed all around to the effect that he has disposed of the lease of the Globe. The *Golden Ladder*—in which Barrett's name figures with that of George R. Sims—is going strong and well at the Globe, and presently four touring companies will take it out.

"Niagara in London," a gorgeous panorama, painted by M. Philpoteaux, of "Siege of Paris" fame, has been opened in Westminster, under the direction of "Practical" John Hollingshead, and promises to be a big success. The fair Fortescue (who extracted £10,000 from the then Lord Garmoyne and the now Earl Cairns) will attack the character of Julia in Sheridan Knowles' play, *The Hunchback*, at a Prince of Wales' matinee on Tuesday. On Thursday afternoon, at the same house, Beatrice Stratford (newly returned from your merry little nation) will essay the character of the cuddling and consumptive Camille. But, why Camille?

Last Wednesday our Mary was to have given a matinee of *Pygmalion* and *Galatea* at the Lyceum, but in consequence of Mary being ill again, the performance had to be postponed till next Wednesday. Also the Lyceum had to be closed on Monday for the same lamentable reason. Next Wednesday's matinee is intended by Mary to be a benefit to her valued acting and stage-manager Charles J. Abud, who presently will invade America to prepare for the coming of the *Lovely One*. Doubtless the astute Abud will warble into your ears by way of prelude: "She is coming, Sister Mary; she is coming by and bye," etc.

The Cymra of the Pyg and Gal. matinee will be a Miss Julia Neilson upon whom Gilbert and "society" generally are said to be severely mashed by reason of her beauty, her singing and her dramatic force. Julia tried some time ago, I'm told, to get engaged in the Prince of Wales' chorus, but wasn't considered good enough. We are told we shall find Julia a genius. We shall see.

On Wednesday night at Terry's A. Wing Pinerio will produce his new domestic drama, called *Sweet Lavender*. Willie Edouin, who is doing good business with Kate at the Strand, proposes to presently supplement it with a revised version of Byron's burlesque, *Aladdin*, in which he (Willie) will play Widow Twankey and Alice Atherton will represent the same part. Edouin is also considering whether he will or will not produce a new burlesque skit on the naughty

Ariane, which Burnaud has written. Edouin's decision will be principally guided by the business that the original Ariane is likely to do, and how long it is likely to stop at the Opera Comique. W. E. is also preparing his version of Mr. Barnes of New York, for immediate production in the provinces. Rutland Barrington is also preparing his version of the same story for immediate production at an Olympic matinee. Horace Lingard (husband of the sweet Alice) has with Violoncellist Van Biene been scooping up shillings everywhere for many years now with *Falka* (the rights of which they bought for a mere song), and also with *Le-cocq's Pepita*. The last named comic opera is to be seen in London presently. Under these circumstances Miss Guilla Warwick, a gifted operatic vocalist, who has done so much to make the above pieces successful, will return also.

Sophie Eyre was to have taken over Drury Lane from Augustus Harris at Easter and to produce *She*, and revive *Nitocris*; but Sophie being unable to "complete" just now with Harris, owing to illness, Harris has resolved to put up *A Run of Luck* for the holidays.

Charles Wyndham, just back from foreign travel, has brought with him a new version of the German play, *Narcisse* (which Bandmann was wont to play) and now he finds, apparently to his astonishment, that Beerbohm Tree is rapidly getting a version ready—which is W. G. Wills and Sydney Grundy's *La Pompadour*, to wit. Therefore Charles has written to the papers to disclaim any connection with Tree's version. Charles must have kept his eyes and ears closed for a long time, for long before he crossed the Channel details of *La Pompadour* were given in *The Referee*, and

about the same time in the good old New York Mirror.

To-day (too late for notice by this mail) Bard Browning's play, *The Blot on the Scutcheon*, is being given at an Olympic matinee by the Browning Society, which formed itself for the purpose of "explaining" its Master's meaning. GAWAIN.

A New York Lodge for the A. O. O. F.

The Actors' Order of Friendship, organized in Philadelphia on Jan. 12, 1849, where it has since maintained a prosperous career, having fulfilled all its obligations to its members and accumulated considerable property, has at last decided to organize a branch lodge in New York, to be known as the Edwin Forrest Lodge, Actors' Order of Friendship, No. 2, and to that end a number of the most active members of the Order have been at work for some time past perfecting the arrangements. A large room fronting on Broadway has been secured in the Broadway Theatre building, where the lodge will take possession about May 1. It is being handsomely furnished and provided with a library.

The Order is strictly a professional organization, to become a member of which, one must have been an actor for at least three years, though the initiation fee varies with the age of the applicant. It is intended not only to retain all the beneficial features of the lodge in Philadelphia, but to improve and increase them if possible, as well as to develop the social qualities of its members by a series of receptions and entertainments to which actresses and

actors will be invited. The prospects for the success of the enterprise are flattering, as this is a move in the right direction, one long desired by the members resident in New York, and it has attracted considerable attention from many who have signified their intention of applying for membership. Joseph Jefferson and John A. Elliser were among the original members of the Order, and still maintain their connection with it. The former was the first secretary, the latter the first treasurer. The only addition to the funds of the Order, other than that derived from the usual revenue, was a legacy of \$2,000, bequeathed by Edwin Forrest, in honor of whom the new lodge is named. In case of great public calamity money has been freely appropriated by the Order, notably, after the Chicago fire, when \$2,000 was voted to the sufferers. On the roll of its dead are the names of Barney Williams, John Lewis Baker, William Wheatley, John Drew, Edwin Adams, E. A. Sothorn, Frank S. Chantrau, and other equally well known.

The following officers have been elected to serve until the June meeting, when an annual election will be held: President, Louis Aldrich; Vice-President, Frank G. Cotter; Secretary, Archibald C. Cowper; Treasurer, Frank W. Sanger; Trustees, Charles S. Dickson, James E. Wilson and Frank W. Sanger.

A new theatre is to be built in Bridgeport, Conn. The ground has been purchased and the building completed about Sept. 15. Fred. B. Miller will be the manager and Minnie Medden most probably the opening attraction. It will be called the Lyceum Theatre, and W. W. Randall will represent it in this city. It is quite likely that Hawes' Opera House, the old theatre, will come under the management of Jacobs and Proctor.

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CONTENTS:

Chronological Dramatic Record. The dramatic events of every day in the year 1887 are set forth, the plan embracing not only this country, but England, France and Germany. The original casts of all new productions and, wherever the plays are sufficiently important, synopses of plots are given.

Necrology for 1887. In this department of the book appear accurate biographical sketches of the 154 actors' actresses, dramatists, singers, etc., that died between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, 1887.

Dramatic Bibliography. Catalogue of books published during 1887 in the United States, England, France and Germany, and a complete list of dramatic articles in American and foreign periodicals, with dates, brief descriptive notes, etc.

The Inter-State Commerce Law. The text of this important Act is printed in full, together with some account of its effect upon theatrical business.

Stars, Combinations and Stock Companies, Season 1887-88. A complete list of all recognized traveling and resident organizations in the United States.

Directory of the Theatrical Profession of America. The first directory of the kind ever published, comprising the names and permanent addresses of 4,937 professionals, with lines of business, names of organizations with which they are connected this season, and also those that are disengaged. The majority of these names and addresses have been obtained by direct personal application and are consequently correct and reliable. In the male classification are grouped Managers, Business Agents, Advance Agents, Press Agents, Treasurers, Managers' Secretaries, Musical Directors, Stage Managers, Scenic Artists, Property Men, Machinists, Carpenters, Flymen, Baggage Agents, Wardrobe-keepers, Light Operators, Stars, Leading Men, Heavy Leads, Leading Heavies, Heavies, Character Actors, Leading Old Men, Old Men, Character Old Men, Eccentric Old Men, Leading Juveniles, Juveniles, Singing Juveniles, Leading Comedians, Comedians, Singing Comedians, Light Comedians, Low Comedians, Eccentric Comedians, Character Comedians, Walking Gentlemen, Singing Walking Gentlemen, Child Actors, Burlesque Actors, Responsibles, Utility Men, Ballet Masters, Dancers, Character Dancers, Vocalists, Chorus, Minstrels, Variety, Principal Tenors, Tenors, Principal Baritones, Baritones, Altos, Buffs, Principal Basses, Basses, Madrigal Boys, First Violinists, Violinists, Viola Players, Flautists, Clarionists, Trombonists, Double Bass Players, Cellists, Cornetists, Drummers, Pianists, Specialty Performers, Pantomimists, Clowns, Readers, Elocutionists, Theatrical Tradespeople, Dramatic Authors, Dramatic Critics, Musical Critics, and Unclassified Professionals. The female list comprises Stars, Leading Ladies, Heavy Leads, Leading Heavies, Heavies, Characters, Leading Old Women, Old Women, Character Old Women, Eccentric Old Women, Singing Old Women, Leading Juveniles, Juveniles, Singing Juveniles, Leading Comedienne, Comedienne, Eccentric Comedienne, Light Comedienne, Singing Comedienne, Ingenues, Leading Soubrettes, Singing Soubrettes, Soubrettes, Burlesque Actresses, Boys, Singing Chambermaids, Walking Ladies, Responsible Utility, Utility, Children's Parts, Child Actresses, Ballet Mistresses, Premieres Danseuses, Character Danseuses, Danseuses, Leading Vocalists, Vocalists, Chorus, Variety, Prima Donna Scranos, S. pranos, Mezzo-Sopranos, Prima Donna Contraltos, Contraltos, Altos, Readers, Elocutionists, Specialty Performers and Unclassified Actresses.

General Index. The index to the work, which fills fourteen pages, has been carefully compiled by an expert indexer. It is especially arranged with a view to making reference to any particular subject simple.

Illustrations. The Annual contains six full-page illustrations, consisting of portraits (in tints) of the late John T. Raymond, Jenny Lind, Marie Aimee, Alice Oates and William E. Sheridan, and a picture of the Actors' Memorial Monument, unveiled last June at the Cemetery of the Evergreens.

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